

Gary Lark

## Arago Trail

I have walked a mile  
between surf and Sitka spruce  
to the bones of a tree  
blown still  
thirty years ago.

A guillemot swoops  
out from a knuckle  
of crumbling cliff,  
nested on the edge.

In peripheral sight,  
two deer slide through  
huckleberry and salal;  
they could be mother and daughter  
or friends staring down  
at the undulating sea.

We look out  
with our small minds  
together.